№ 8040.62

GIVEN BY

W. H. H. Newman.

25

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

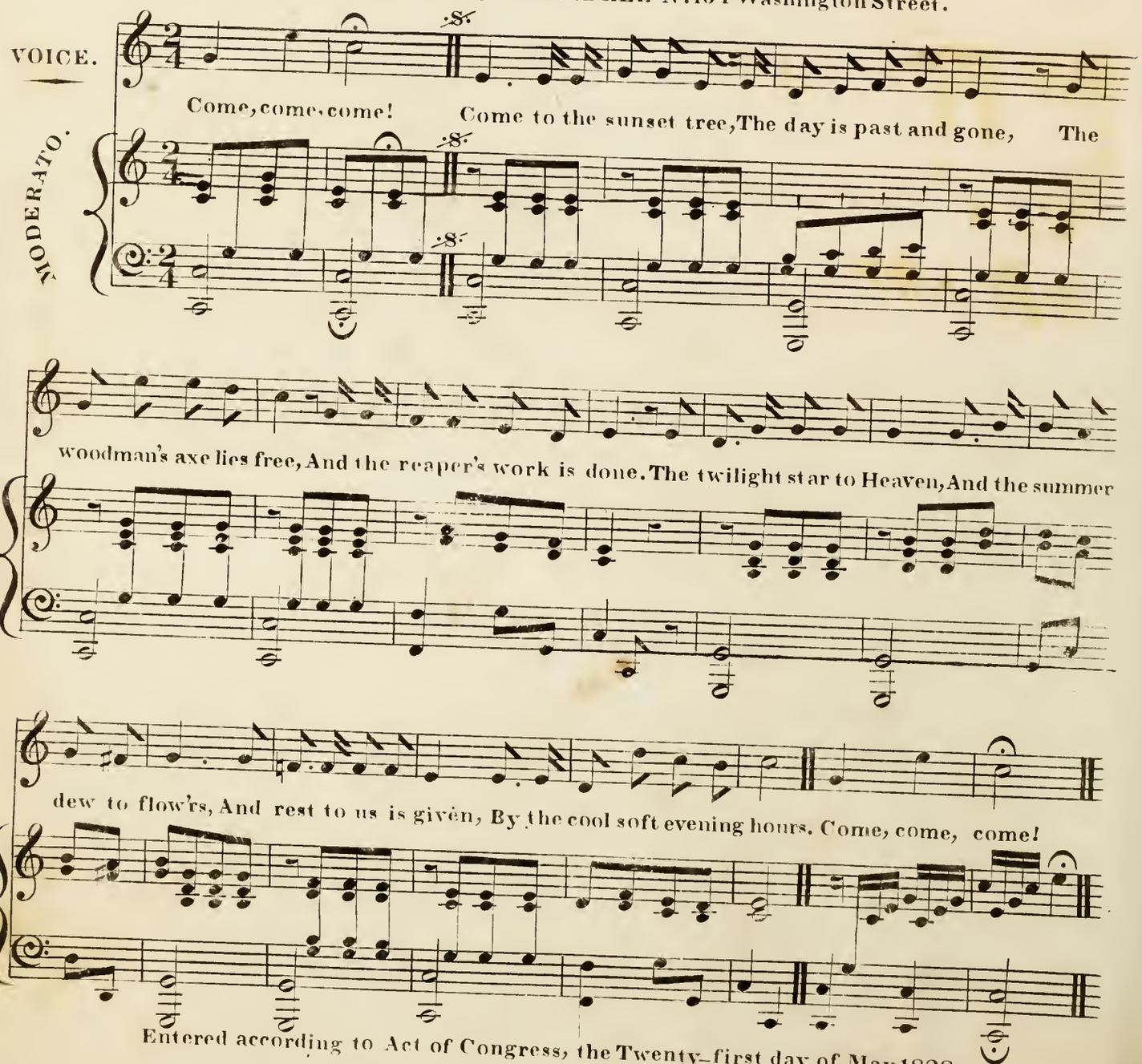
Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Music by

MISS BROWNE,

Authoress of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

BOSTON, Published by C. BRADLEE No 164 Washington Street.



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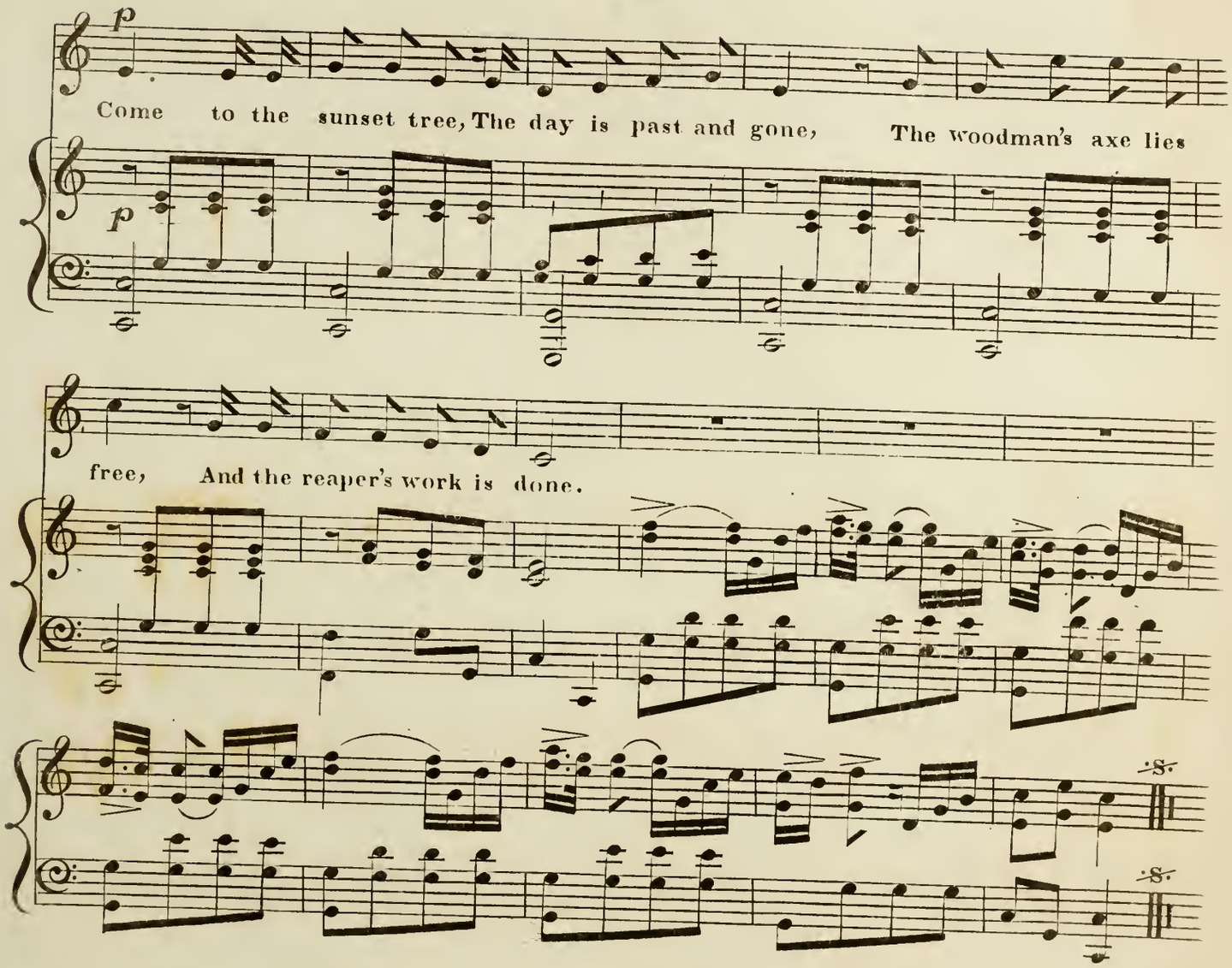

—2—

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burthen and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come! &c.

—3—

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still
Than even nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come! &c.

—4—

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God!
Come, come, come! &c.

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B. P. L. Bindery,
29 1904